

Vixen

"D'Evils"

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[Verse One]

This shit is wicked on these mean streets
None of my friends speak
We're all trying to win, but then again
Maybe it's for the best though, cause when they're
seeing too much
You know they're trying to get you touched
Whoever said illegal was the easy way out couldn't
understand the mechanics
And the workings of the underworld, granted
Nine to five is how to survive, I ain't trying to survive
I'm trying to live it to the limit and love it a lot
Life ill, poison my body
I used to say 'fuck mic skills'
And never prayed to God, I prayed to Gotti
That's right it's wicked, that's life I live it
Ain't asking for forgiveness for my sins, ends
I break bread with the late heads, picking their brains
for angles on
all the evils that the game'll do
It gets dangerous, money and power is changing us
And now we're lethal, infected with D'Evils...

[Verse Two]

We used to fight for building blocks
Now we fight for blocks with buildings that make a
killing
The closest of friends when we first started
But grew apart as the money grew, and soon grew
black-hearted
Thinkin back when we first learned to use rubbers
He never learned so in turn I'm kidnappin his baby's
mother
My hand around her collar, feeding her cheese
She said the taste of dollars was shitty so I fed her
fifties
About his whereabouts I wasn't convinced
So I kept feedin her money 'til her shit started to make
sense
Who could ever foresee, we used to stay up all night at
slumber parties

Now I'm tryin to rock this bitch to sleep
All the years we were real close
Now I see his fears through her tears
Know she's wishin we were still close
Don't cry, it is to be
In time, I'll take away your miseries and make 'em
mine, D'Evils...

[Verse Three]

My flesh, no nigga could test
My soul is possessed by D'Evils in the form of
diamonds and lexuses
The Exorcist, got me doing skits like Homie
You don't know me, but the whole world owe me - strip!
Was thought to be a pleasant guy all my fucking life
So now I'm down for whatever, ain't nothing nice
Throughout my junior high years it was all friendly
But now this +Higher Learning+ got the +Remy+ in me
Liquors invaded my kidneys
Got me ready to lick off, mama forgive me
I can't be held accountable, D'Evils beatin me down,
boo
Got me runnin with guys, making G's, tellin lies that
sound true
Come test me, I never cower
For the love of money, son, I'm giving lead showers
Stop screamin, you know the demon said it's best to
die
And even if +Jehovah Witness+, bet he'll never testify,
D'Evils...

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